

SUNDAY



CHAT

PADUCAH, KENTUCKY, SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1901.

THE LEARNED ASTRONOMER.

I knew a learned astronomer,
Who all things earthly spurned,
And wandered through this pleasant land
With countenance upturned.
From early youth his habits were
To hold aloof from men;
He thought this old world's happenings
But little worth his ken.

He saw no wonders in the trees
Or in the waving grass—
He never thought it worth his while
To woo a pretty lass.
And not a whit this good man cared
For potentate or pope;
To him the greatest man was he
Who made the telescope.

But sun and moon arose and set
Precisely when he said;
He knew whence each comet came
And where each comet fled;
And for his plan to wipe the spots
From off the glorious sun,
Among the brethren of his ilk
He much renown had won.

This good soul died and went on high,
But much to his concern
He found the knowledge gleaned while
Here
Left nothing more to learn.
With telescope, from over a cloud,
He now peers down to earth,
And finds out strange and wondrous things
About his place of birth.

—The Baltimore Sun.

Mrs. Comstock's Campaign.

BY D. A. CHAUNCEY.

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When Chester Comstock announced himself as a candidate for congress everybody said his wife was back of it. Comstock had never been suspected of political ambitions—or any other sort except to live up to his ideals of a cultured gentleman. He was born of a wealthy family, educated in the universities of two continents, and possessed tastes which permitted him to enjoy to the utmost the good things of the world. He had a positive aversion for business in any form and no desire whatever to increase the estate which he had inherited. He lived a life of luxury, was widely known and universally liked.

If he lacked in ambition his wife did not. After their marriage and the joining of their fortunes she had assumed a position of social leadership. As the years slipped by she became restless. Then came a winter at Washington and she had returned home filled with a longing to return there as the wife of a congressman or other official that would give her established standing. All the arts of a dominant nature had been brought into play to instill into her husband's mind the fire of political ambition. Finally out of sheer good nature he told her he would acquiesce to her desires if it could be managed so that he would not be annoyed with the details of politics.

"If it will add materially to your happiness for me to be a congressman or a Senator or President or what not,"

wish me to go into this sort of thing the figuring must come from your head."

She secured an alliance at once with Maurice Fox, the man reputed to be the sharpest politician in the county. Mrs. Comstock was perfectly frank with Fox, told him her ambition and that money was no object and that she wanted to secure his assistance. She was somewhat surprised to learn that Fox would not accept cash.

"All the money I would touch in a campaign would be the actual expenses. I am very much inclined to help you, however, for reasons of my own. I can see how your husband might be a very strong candidate. Together with other men I have been somewhat successful in politics in Bryon county and have had and have considerable influence in determining candidates and policies. What I want is more power—not money. I think I see evidences on the part of some of my former colleagues to curtail my influence. In which event I must protect myself. If your husband will give me control of his candidacy and the assurance that I shall handle the patronage of the district in case of his election, I will put him in congress. Of course, it will cost a great deal of money—more because all the boys know he has got it."

"I think it can be arranged," said Mrs. Comstock. "Mr. Comstock has no political ambition and I am certain that he would consider the placing of the offices as a source of annoyance and embarrassment." So it was arranged.

The other politicians at once detected Fox's game and made a fight to keep the county from electing a Comstock delegation. This complicated matters and Fox and Mrs. Comstock



"Madam, you must be mad."

were in constant conference. Comstock was not much perturbed at first, as his wife and Fox decided all questions. But as the fight waxed warmer Comstock's exclusiveness began to tell against him and it became necessary to take the minor politicians to him, particularly as these men were being promised divers and sundry fat from the crib. As Jack Murphy expressed it:

"I'm from Missouri. Show me. I want to see the old man himself and hear him make his spiel."

So Comstock's library was invaded by a noisy and ill-smelling crew which put feet on the tables and poisoned the atmosphere with black cigar smoke. Comstock grew rebellious. Then Mrs. Comstock gave two or three dinners that drew from him the only protest he had ever made to her since their marriage. The dinners were attended by a motley crowd whose presence and whose conversation was an offense.

"This will not do," he said, sternly. "We must not lose our self-respect to accomplish a result, however greatly we desire it. I never will sit down to dinner with that sort of a crowd again."

At last the caucusses were held and

the result was not decisive. One ward sent an instructed delegation to the county convention, as did several of the country towns. It became a fight to get these uninstructed delegates. Meantime Fox had fixed up a deal with the controlling forces in two other counties to nominate Comstock if he went to the convention with his own county and able to deliver its votes.

A delegation of manufacturers called on Comstock and pointing out that they could deliver five of the uninstructed delegates, asked for a pledge that he would stand for a certain tariff schedule on wood. Again it required all Fox and Mrs. Comstock could do to get his consent to such an "arrangement."

"Must I go to congress as an automaton," he protested; "with my vote pledged on all subjects?"

Fox explained that the tariff schedule always was fixed in a party caucus and he could go on record in the caucus in some way that would not do violence to his convictions.

Then came the denouement. Fox announced two days before the convention that victory was won. "We have one vote more than the opposition and they can't touch our phalanx. It has cost a pile of money but it is our meat."

The next morning Comstock received a call from John Weldon, an old man who had been in his service for many years and in the service of his father before him. Some time before he had been retired on a pension.

"Mr. Comstock," said Weldon, with tears in his eyes. "Forgive me, sir, for disturbing you, but I can't let it happen without making one appeal to you. I make bold to do so, sir, because you have always been kind to me as your father was before you."

In astonishment Comstock asked the old man what it was all about and in broken accents Weldon told him that one day before Mrs. Comstock had come to his house and told him that Comstock was about to be defeated for the nomination. There was but one way to save the day. Tim Maloney, the saloonkeeper, was in love with pretty Mary Weldon, his granddaughter. He was an uninstructed delegate to the convention. He had been rejected by Mary and had figured out in his cunning head that the Weldons were absolutely dependant on the Comstock pension and a bride should be the price of his vote. Fox had been approached and had induced Mrs. Comstock to play this last desperate card without letting Comstock know of it.

"I would go to the poolhouse willingly, sir," said Weldon; "but the girl won't hear it and she has consented to do as Mrs. Comstock asks of her. The poor thing cried all night for isn't she in love with you, sir, as clever and honest a lad as ever stepped? But she won't budge for her decision and I came to plead for her."

There was an expression in Comstock's face which no man had ever seen there in all his life. He rang his bell sharply and sent the servant to ask Mrs. Comstock to come into the library. When she entered he started back in amazement at the spectacle of her mild-mannered husband, standing behind his table with blazing eyes. She saw Weldon and knew what was coming. She threw up one arm as if to avoid a blow and sought to speak. Before she could do so the words came from him as from some live volcano:

"Madam, you must be mad. Do you think I am so poor a thing that I would accept any result by such means as you have been using—even to the saving of my soul? Do you esteem my honor so lightly as to believe that I would allow my name to be tarnished as you and your disreputable associates have sought to tarnish it? Do you believe that I would have retained an office secured by such means, or permitted you to gratify a foolish vanity by such a sacrifice? Had your plan succeeded it would have been impossible to have longer lived with you. My name will not go before the convention tomorrow. I will never touch the dirty pool of politics again. If Fox ever enters my house again I will cane him. Weldon's pension will

be doubled. Good morning." And he strode heavily out of the room.

The member who answers to the roll call from the thirty-ninth district can turn a jack four times hand-running while looking you squarely in the eye and drink a dozen "highballs" at a sitting. Mr. and Mrs. Comstock remain at home.

TESTED WITH SALT.

How an Apache Chief Selected Warriors for a Hard Campaign.

In the early days of Union Pacific railroading, Victoria, Nana and the present Geronimo, the three chiefs of the Arizona Apaches, with 100 of the best bucks, came through to Green River, Wyo. They had heard of the "heap wagon and no boss" and had come to stop the train. They made a lasso of rawhide and fifty men on each side held on to the rope as the freight came down the Wasatch divide. The engine driver saw, when several miles away, what the Indians were up to, so he whistled "off brakes," and opening his throttle let her loose. The cowcatcher struck the rope and hurled the Indians in all directions, literally tearing them to pieces, headless, armless and legless. The three chiefs went south to their cactus plants much crestfallen. Before they selected these men the old Chief Victoria had them all eat a piece of rock salt about as big as a pecan, run swiftly about 100 yards, sit down on a rock or log and cross their legs. Then he watched the vibration of the feet which were crossed. The feet which vibrated the longest strokes he declined to accept for a severe duty or a dangerous trip, or for one that was at all hazardous. But he accepted the feet which vibrated short, distinct and regular strokes. Now, what did that old chief know about pulsation of the arterial system or of heart action, and, indeed, about salt in the system? I have lived near to Indian reservations and have had occasion often to survey over their lands for railroads and other objects, and since this salt controversy I have wondered where old Victoria got his idea. Is not the child of the sage brush plains better posted than his paleface brother?—New York Herald.

Russia's Many Waterways.

No other country is so prodigally endowed with navigable rivers as Russia. The rivers of Russia have their sources within a comparatively few miles of each other, all of the great streams rising within the area of the broad plateau of the north, so that it was no difficult feat to connect the headwaters of the numerous rivers. The construction of less than 400 miles of actual canals, made it possible to travel by barge from Archangel on the Arctic, to Astrakhan on the Caspian, a distance of more than 3,000 miles, from St. Petersburg to the foot of the Ural, and from the Baltic to the Black Sea by three distinct routes, to say nothing of Moscow and numerous other inland cities which were brought into direct water communication with all parts of the empire.—Engineering Magazine.

Lends Money to Business Women.

Chicago has a Business Women's Loan Association which suggests the "Little Societies" that have long flourished in Germany, although it is less of a philanthropic enterprise and more of a business proposition. The German societies lend small amounts of money to women desiring to go into business for themselves, and records show that the losses of the organization have amounted to very little. The Chicago association lends money for the same uses, but requires good security, and protects itself against any heavy loss. The need of such an organization and its success are an interesting commentary on the eagerness with which women are invading the business world.—New York Sun.

The morose man takes both narrow and selfish views of life and the world; he is either envious of the happiness of others, or denies its existence.

FAD FOR THE BRIDE.

Giving Wedding Ring to Groom Is Now Fashionable.

It has been rumored that capricious Madame la Mode is wearying of the solitaire diamond as an engagement ring and that she favors diamonds combined with gems of color. So far, however, Madame has kept her thoughts to herself pretty well, for little consequence of their expression has been noticed in the jewelry shops. To be sure, colored stones of many kinds are used as a betrothal pledge, and in various forms, frequently with a colored stone in the center and diamonds surrounding. The engagement ring of the new Mrs. Vanderbilt was set with two stones, a sapphire and a diamond, with the familiar diagonal setting. The solitaire diamond ring has found favor for so long a time as an engagement pledge that it has become traditional, and to all appearances it still has the stamp of approval from Dame Fashion. The mounting for the diamond is a high setting, receding slightly toward the base, without a display of much gold to obtrude upon the rainbow scintillation of the dazzling white stone. Wedding rings are narrow and high, some being perfectly round so that if the ring were straightened out the form would be cylindrical. A ring of this shape goes by the name of the Tiffany wedding ring, and it is much more elegant than the wide, barbarous-looking wedding bands of times past. Nowadays it is a fad for the bride to give a wedding ring to the groom when he gives his, and since Wilhelmnia did this the fashion will probably receive a new impetus. A ring given by the bride is exactly like the one she receives, being, in fact, a typical wedding ring enlarged to fit masculine fingers. Some fond, impassioned lovers present their sweethearts with a betrothal bracelet which is locked on with a padlock and kept on the arm "until death do them part."—Philadelphia Times.

Children's Pets.

If one may ever state a general truth applying to all children, surely a safe one to venture would be that they have, without exception, a passion for animals. Dr. E. E. Hale, in speaking to the friends of the Animal Rescue league recently, put in a plea for pets among city children. It has been said that persons who live in cities are less human than those who live in the country because the former are unused to having animals about them. A longing for pets is strong in the heart of every child. Everywhere children yearn for something alive which shall be their very own. Florentine babies guard carefully the wire cage that holds a chirping cricket, the little ones of Japan delight in their captive fireflies that flash their lights through boxes of plaited grass, the tiny, fur-clad Esquimaux rolls about on the floor of his igloo with a bear-cub, the African child frolics with his parrot, the East Indian with his mongoose, and our little people are never so happy as with their white mice, rabbits, doves, dogs, cats and canaries. The parents, watching, with interested eyes, the fraternizing of his boy or girl with the animals of wood and field, has a duty laid upon him of seeing that the creature in question is well cared for, according to his peculiar needs. No normal child would willingly hurt his pet, but might neglect it, and if he forgets the needs of a living thing, whose earthly Providence he is, he should be deprived of it until he shows an altered mind.

Sweeping.

In sweeping carpets remove all furniture or cover it thoroughly, as the dampness will cause the dust to stick to the woodwork and soil the fabric. Sweep quickly and carefully from the corners and sides to the center of the room, to prevent the soiling of the wall paper. Take the dust carefully into the dustpan, carry to the kitchen and burn it. If you have a carpet sweeper run over the carpet quickly to brighten it and remove the dust.



"I think it can be arranged."

said he, "I am willing and I will try to attend to the duties that may fall to me in such manner as not to reflect discredit on my name. But positively I know nothing about politics. If you